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THE STRIKE

AND OTHER POEMS

BY
✓
GEORGE BENSON HEWETSON



G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

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To
MY WIFE

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THE STRIKE.

THE STRIKE.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

(A Leaf from a Clergyman's Diary.)

I HAD spent the evening reading, I read of
those days of old
When men died in thousands of hunger be-
cause of man's greed of gold ;
And I saw in my mind a city where, helpless,
thus men had died,
And I thought of our poor human nature, how
selfish it is in its pride.

I saw the magnificent buildings, its temples
and statues fine,

Its mansions of regal dimensions and faultless
in build and design.

There stood one of peerless splendor with door
open wide to the wall,

And all that the eye could delight in was placed
in its spacious hall.

There were hangings of matchless beauty, and
rugs of resplendent dye,

The pictures on wall and on ceiling were im-
pressed on the soul through the eye ;

In the floor was a flawless mosaic of Eneas
from Troy as he bore

Anchises, his gods, and Ascanius, to a home on
fair Latium's shore.

And lo, in most costly raiment a maiden both
tall and fair,

Who seemed like a living radiance as she
walked up the marble stair ;

For her jewels were kissed by the sunbeams,
and gleamed with that brilliant delight

Which glows in the hearts of true lovers when
lip comes to lip in the night.

Then followed her father, a Roman, whose
slaves were a numberless horde ;

Who provided for hounds and for horses the
best that the earth did afford,

While there at his threshold lay dying, yes,
dying of hunger so dread,

A man who had lived for his pleasure, now
pleading in vain for bread.

But this was in days that are olden, ere He
was incarnate on earth,

Who lay as a babe in a manger, whom angels
announced at His birth ;

Who, on our poor fallen nature, a divine up-
lifting bestowed,

For did He not take it upon Him, and was He
not Son of God ?

'T was during the Christmas season, the book
on the table lay,

When I rose from that gloomy reverie which
bore me so far away,

Far into the buried ages ; and yet, it is com-
monly said,

That the ages to come will repeat but the deeds
of the ages now dead.

The mid hour of night was now chiming, so I
thought of retiring to rest,

But that vision of gloom and of grandeur my
heart very sorely oppressed ;

Yet the burden was partly lightened as I thought
of all Christendom's joy,

When, answering a ring of the door-bell, there
spoke on the threshold a boy :

“ Please, Sir, are you the clergy that 's come to
be with us down here,

I have called you very late, Sir, you may think
it awful queer ;

But please, Sir, I have a room-mate whose
father and mother is dead ;

He was hurt to-day in the street, Sir, and I
had to put him to bed,

“ He is very badly hurt, Sir, and he asked if I
would n't call you,

For he has n't a friend in the world, Sir, not
a friend the whole world through ;

And he loved the kind clergy before you, and
the clergy was fond of him.

His name, Sir ? O yes, I know it ; we calls
him Tiny Jim.

“ He 's too small to keep himself, Sir, so he
shares my room with me ;

You 'll find it in Paradise Alley, the garret of
Fifty-three.

I live away from home, Sir, for my father
abuses his wife,

He 's cursed me since I was a baby, and twice
attempted my life.”

Though late in the night when he called me, I
hastened at once away

To find the mysterious garret, where the poor
little " gutter-snipe " lay ;

For such is the name that their brethren, their
brethren on earth, have given

To the waifs and strays of the city, of whom
is the Kingdom of Heaven.

For are they not little children? And if such
they certainly be,

Do *His* words not apply to the lost ones, as to
the babe that climbs your knee?

Despise them? You cannot despise them, nor
tread them under your feet,

Are their bodies not more than your raiment,
their lives not more than your meat?

O such were the thoughts that oppressed me,
as through the great city we passed,
A poor starving waif by my side, to another
one breathing his last ;
Till reaching the dingy alley, we climbed up
the creaking stair,
And entered the gloomy garret where was not
even a chair.

And there 'neath a ragged covering, stretched
out on the cold damp floor,
A prey to the blast that whistled through the
chinks of the rotted door,
Lay a child of eleven summers, who seemed to
be no more than five,
So small was he, pale and so shrunken ; and
really more dead than alive.

O never shall fade from my memory the look
of his large wistful eyes,

As he turned them half-fearful upon me in
gladsome and grateful surprise ;

“I thought that you would not come, Sir,” he
said in his sweet childish way,

“And if I had thought that you would, Sir, I
had sent for you during the day.”

Ah, yes ! I had passed by that alley in making
my “pastoral ” calls,

Unaware of the Christ-like example concealed
by its tottering walls ;

And there, for a year it had flourished, a deed
of which no man did speak,

One poor boy sustaining another, the strong
one supporting the weak.

“O, how I have longed to see you, how much
I desired you would come !

For I have n't a friend in the world, Sir, but
Tom here who gave me a home ;

My father and mother is dead, Sir ; it all came
about by The Strike,

For increasing the hours and lessening the
pay was something the men did n't like.

“The wages was little enough, Sir, for often my
father would say

That no matter how careful we lived, Sir, we
could not exist on the pay ;

So we often went ill-clad and hungry, for
father would keep out of debt,

Afraid they would sell-off the home, Sir ; and
the rent it must always be met.

“Then mother was sick when they struck, Sir,
and we had n’t the money to buy
The things that the Doctor ordered, and so
she grew worse and did die ;
And my father said when she died, Sir, that
the blame was all his from the first ;
For if he had stayed at work, Sir, she might
have been carefully nursed.

“Yes, tenderly nursed and cared for, for he
loved my mother, he did,
He was always kind to us both, Sir, and I did
whatever they bid ;
And after my mother was buried, he faded
away like a leaf ;
At least, all the neighbors said so, and they
said that he died of grief.

“And so I was left alone, Sir, alone in this
world so wide ;

And if it were not for my room-mate, I too
had long ago died ;

And now I am very sick, Sir, but I ’m not in
the least distressed,

For this is no world for the poor, Sir, and to
leave it must surely be best.

“ I never was, Sir, a bad boy ; I always tried to
be good ;

But its awfully hard for a poor boy to be so
understood.

They think by our shabby clothing and our
shoes worn down at the heel,

That the only desire we have, Sir, is either to
beg or to steal.

“Thank God, I have never stolen, that I have
begged, it is true,

But when a poor boy is starving, what other
thing can he do ?

A boy whom none will employ, Sir, to help
him to lift up his head ;

But a boy who, though poor, can pray, Sir,
‘ Lord, give us our daily bread.’ ”

Ah, yes ! it was given in that moment ; for
what was his greatest need ?

Was it not that his misery be ended, that this
captive in pain should be freed ?

I clasped his thin hand—it was cold—as I
knelt by his side on the floor

And pleaded with Heaven—“ *Our* Father ”—
when the boy—he was no more !

The prey of a gospel perverted ! for lo, upon
every side,

It is preached a judge Christ would not be, nor
a property ever divide ;

Yes, but what are the words that then follow ?

“ Of Covetousness always take heed ;

Life consists not of things in *abundance*, but of
those things of which we have *need*.”

And then comes a priceless story, a story from
lips without sin,

Of a man who would build his barns greater, to
store his *abundance* within.

And when he had thus bestowed it, would easy
and merry be.

He would eat and drink at his pleasure, from
anxiety thus was he free.

But as in imagined safety the floor of his home
he trod,

There flashed on his soul, thus darkened, the
revealing light of God ;

For His voice was heard in that household, erst-
while so gay and so bright :

“ Fool, whose shall be thine *abundance* when
thy soul I require this night ? ”

Yes, that is the Savior’s teaching : He would
not divide, it is true ;

But said He not “ Do unto others as ye would
they should do unto you ” ?

Is not this amongst His commandments, and,
if it is so, what then ?

Do we only *pretend* to keep it, and so wrong
both God and men ?

O ye whose hearts are of marble, whose demeanor is falsely meek,

Who oppress the strong by thousands, and cast to one side the weak,

Give place in your hearts, for a moment, to think of the evil you do,

When you thus wrong those of their birthright, who are Christ's as well as you.

Your losses demand the reduction! Well, have you one luxury less?

Have your wives and your daughters foregone the loud ostentation of dress?

Your losses demand the reduction! Then begin with your luxuries first,

For what now seems pleasing on earth, ye may afterwards find was accursed.

For we live in a Christian country, and, however
unworthy we be,

If we did not aspire to be Christ-like, then none
of us could be free ;

Ay, once take the Christ from amongst us, and
what would become of you then ?

Do you think you could walk in safety ? Do
you think we would treat you as men ?

O no, the beast would be loosened, the tiger
and ape, from their lair,

Would leap in our animal bosoms, and fight
with the force of despair ;

And those whom you now delight in, your wives
and your daughters so gay,

Would serve but as food for our passions, of
lust they would be the prey.

Yes, your very homes would be blighted with
deeds of a nameless name,

And the land would be ravaged throughout by
the demon of sword and of flame ;

And the temples your wealth has erected as a
gift to propitiate God,

Would be razed by the hands that have reared
them, and their stones would encumber
the sod.

And so would those lordly mansions where in
comfort and safety ye dwell,

For the earth would no longer be earth but a
mild presentation of hell.

Thus, man would relapse to the brute, *then* the
cave and the forest would be,

With a fight for each morsel of food, the meas-
ure of Liberty.

Shall this be the end of our progress? Or,
shall all men be brothers indeed?

Then let each man live up to his manhood, the
selfish forsaking his greed.

Let this be the standard of all; then the earth
will most surely become

Not a place of both palace and hovel, but where
each shall delight in a home.

ODE TO LIBERTY.

ODE TO LIBERTY.

A PÆAN of thy glorious birth,

When, bursting from the god's control,

Thou didst descend upon the earth

To vanquish the despotic soul ;

Whose shadow was the gloom profound

'Neath which the fount of Light congealed,

Ere yet the stars began their round,

Or Earth's fair glory stood revealed.

Ay, let me sing that blissful hour,

When dark Oppression first did cower

Before the lightnings of thine eyes ;

Which shivered all the gloom of Night,
Dispersing far, in wild affright,
To caverns deep and dark, her loathsome prodigies.

'T is fabled, that the joy befell

When Jove amidst his thunders slept
Soothed by Apollo's golden shell,

What time the gods the festal kept
Of late-exalted Ganymede ;

While Hebe stood aloof in tears,
To everlasting shame decreed,

Derided by remorseless peers :

'T is said Disdain usurped thy breast,

To see a goddess thus oppressed ;
(For what are gods if they 're not free?)

That thou didst leave Olympus then,
To make thy blest abode with men,
Thou splendor of the gods, life-giving Liberty.

Thus was it sung by bards of old,
When men took in the gods delight ;
When Jove held court, so we are told,
On famed Olympus' rocky height ;
When men and gods, and gods and men
To kindly converse oft were given—
The brave was then the denizen
At once of earth and that bright heaven ;
When godlike stood in man's regard,
Hero and Ruler, Statesman, Bard,
Who reigned in Right and sang of Truth ;
And, guileless of corrupt device,

Yielded their lives a sacrifice,
To mould the race to virtue in its youth.

Twin-born in love wert thou with Light !
The vibrant elements then freed,
Commingling, did in power unite,
And Heaven's command became a deed ;
Then from the side of Chaos sprang
Those brilliant sparks of heavenly fire,
The glories that together sang,
When Phosphor led the starry choir ;
Then sun and moon assigned their task,
Gave to the earth her vernal mask ;
Then restless ebb'd and flow'd the sea ;
Then in the verdant vale were heard

The low of beast, the song of bird ;
And man walked forth godlike, erect and free.

Thou art the birthright of the race !

Man knew thee first when he did stand
In his full amplitude of grace,
Majestic lord of sea and land.

When no horizon barred his sight,
Nor sordid passion swayed his soul ;
When Power was in accord with Right,
And all things owned his just control.
Dowered with such might of lordly will,
That fateful choice 'twixt Good and Ill,
At last himself himself withstood ;
The bond that held in love all life,

Was rent by fratricidal strife :

Earth shuddered at the touch of human
blood.

Ashamed of that his bloody deed,

From clime to clime he wandered far,

Accused on earth by every reed,

Accused in heaven by every star.

Unstilled the tumult of his breast,

Fiercer became the strife within ;

Night brought him restlessness, not rest,

And Day the vision of his Sin.

'T was then the babe, till that his pride,

In wrath, the murd'rous sire defied ;

Then violated was each vow.

The couch of Love by Lust defiled,

Homeless became the sinning child;
The brand of Infamy upon its youthful
brow.

Thus was the dark Infection spread;
Age unto age the Curse did bear;
Polluted was the marriage bed,
And the vile taint defiled the heir.
It wrecked the household, rent the tribe,
Parent and child it sundered far,
Inspired the earliest diatribe,
And kith and kin involved in war.
Not better man became, but worse;
Nations were slaughtered 'neath the Curse,
And Empires founded were on Wrong;
Death was the only meed of Worth,

When thou wert banished from the earth :
Man's only heritage the gift of Song.

Tempestuous rolled the sea of Guilt

 In desolation o'er the land ;

Thrones upon altars then were built,

 So thoroughly was man unmanned.

For can the race be said to live,

 Who cower before the tyrant's scowl,

Whence Valor is a fugitive,

 Who threat in speech, yet fear in soul ?

Untouched by Guilt's warm crimson flood,

 Fearless the Muse's prophet stood ;

Majestic more that thus alone

 He voiced a dying world's desire,

When last he wept upon his lyre,
And dared to give wise counsel to the Throne.

Throned in magnificence of Pride,
Disdainful of the vulgar crowd,
Who, of thy blessings long denied,
Yet rent the air with plaudits loud
The haughty Despot, like a god
In cold defiance, seated there,
While lamps were lit and altars glowed,
And fragrant incense filled the air,
Commanded the gaunt son of song
To lead in praise that servile throng:
The Human then was deified.
And, as they bent the fawning knee,

Erect in awful sovereignty,
The Bard the Despot's brutish power de-
fied.

Restrained not by that vile control,
Aloft on viewless wings was borne,
From sunless depths, his soaring soul,
Through lucent breadths of golden Morn,
To that far clime where all is free,
Where Night's chill shadow never falls;
Where every sound is melody,
And Love the willing soul enthralls.
There, seated as a deathless Bride,
With Truth for ever at thy side,
Who fled the earth when thou didst flee;
Thy beauteous form did he behold,

Resplendent ever as of old,
And thus preferred his prayer, Truth-loving
Liberty:

“ O Thou, who once on earth didst dwell !
Twin sister fair of guileless Light,
Whose ruined shrine and silent cell
Increase the terrors of our night.

* * * * *

* * * * *

Thou herald of undying joy,
Whose smile shall vanquish dark Despair,
And all her doubting train destroy.”

* * * * *

Where now is Night shall then be Morn,
The hopeless shall in Hope delight ;

Then vanquished Hate and Fraud and Scorn,
 Shall flee as Darkness flees the Light.
Called back to life then by thy voice,
 The dying captive shall rejoice ;
The babe that knelt beside his knee,
 Shall gather flowers in fields afar,
Bright with a glory from each star,
To strew upon thy path, returning Liberty.”

* * * * *

HYMN TO ASTARTE.

HYMN TO ASTARTE.

A CHORUS FROM "ATHALI," A TRAGEDY.

Scene.—The Temple of Astarte.

THOU hast a loveliness which is thine own,
Surpassing that of Day, sweet Queen of
Night,
Seated in glory on thy stately throne,
Wearing thy starry diadem of light ;
Decked with the roses of a new delight,
Whose silken petals close with coming Dawn ;
And hushed then are those voices which unite
Hymning thy loveliness and that alone ;

The beauty, undiminished, which was thine

When first the closing eyes

Of restless Day thy restful charms did see,

While all his golden glory did decline,

And thou in queenly splendor didst arise,

A silvery radiance from a hueless sea.

Then first was felt the fever of Desire,

That blissful pain which youths and maidens
feel

When they themselves within themselves expire,

And by that sacrifice their love reveal.

O'er his bright brow the mantling blush did
steal,

And all his form with passion was afire,

While halted he his flaming chariot wheel,

That, gazing on thee, he might thus retire
To rapturous visions in those pearly halls,
 Within that vast domain,
O'er whose extent thy kindly power applies ;
 Till herald Lucifer the Dreamer calls
To hold in heaven his undisputed reign,
Until thou kiss again his fiery eyes.

Thy realm is not of darkness, the white waves
 Of Light's Immensity break on thy shore,
Filling with melody its sapphire caves,
 Which merry lovers in their dreams explore ;
And thence returning when their sleep is o'er,
 In fairy ships o'er that bright sea which
 laves
Thy happy coasts, all loveless ones implore

That joyous tale which makes of monarchs
 slaves ;
Until they heave their souls forth with Delight,
 And sigh long for the balm
Of meeting lips in sweetness of Love's prime ;
 Then dreamily desire, most beauteous Night,
To sail with happy elves, in breezy calm,
Those silvery seas which fringe thy happy
 clime.

That thence traversing all its Loveliness,
 Those dewy lawns the loveless may not tread,
Those summits down whose radiant ruggedness
 Leaps the white glory whence thy seas are fed,
Those starlike flowers whose bloom is never
 shed,

Those forests through whose lightsome
gloominess

Pellucid streams their labyrinths outspread,
Singing their way in babbling gladness—
Of Lover's happiness the blissful world;
And feeling amidst these,
The sweet fatigue of Life's one joy supreme,
They may embark again with sails unfurled,
As willing pilgrims o'er thy stormless seas,
To that far Isle where they may sleep and
dream.

That lonely Isle where is not any sound,
Nor god nor goddess anxious vigil keep;
Where ruddy poppies deck the mossy ground,
And placid waters rest in caverns deep;

That restful Isle those seek in vain who weep ;

Where happy goddesses with poppies
crowned,

On bosoms of fair gods securely sleep,

On whom distressful Care has never frowned ;

That cool demcsne where Sleep doth hold his
reign,

Ay, Sleep, that fickle god,

Who cometh least where most he is desired ;

Who seldom visiteth the bed of Pain,

Nor easeth dull Oppression's grievous load,

And sitteth far from active minds retired.

And if their love be love in perfectness,

If the heart's pain be very bliss indeed ;

If Jealousy have nowhere free access,

And both shall do what each one hath decreed ;

If of vain babblings neither shall take heed,

But soul to soul be linked in steadfastness ;

Then entrance to that Isle shall be their meed,

Where is not heard the moaning wretchedness

Of dying Echoes from that starry reef,

Where loveless ones apart

Spend sleepless nights and days all joyless rove ;

In tearless Sorrow, otherwise called Grief,

And that which feeds with it upon the heart,

The speechless agony of fruitless Love.

From their souls' eyes the veil shall be withdrawn,

That of thy Glory nothing shall they miss ;

Long shall they linger where the Light is thrown

From myriad founts in showers of brilliances ;

And, wandering freely in a realm like this,

They shall behold, all fearless and alone,

Thee, pale Astarte, waiting for a kiss

Upon the untraversed threshold of the Dawn,

Mute with delight, yet eloquently fair—

How happy in thy choice !

Loving 'mongst gods the bravest and most

bright ;

And lingering long upon the golden stair,

Lost in the echo of thy Lover's voice,

Borne on a sunbeam o'er the sea of Light.

WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON.

AN ODE.

GOD rules not Heaven alone, but Earth ;

 The fiat of Eternity,

Upon the deep of Time we see,

 As Empires sink or rise to birth.

Egypt to Babylon did fall,

 Then Persia held them both in thrall ;

Till Greece, by Persia once defied,

 Prevailed in power and ruled in pride ;

Until her armies broke like foam,

 Against the rock-like power of Rome ;

Who far and wide her legions hurled,—
The City that became the World.

And yet while Empires rose and fell,
While crumbled fort and citadel ;
While massive monuments sublime
Were touched to dust by fleeting Time ;
While Nations numerous and great
Were crushed by those of less estate ;
Assailed by all, by each oppressed,
One people still survives the rest.
Where is the mighty Greek of old ?
The conquering Roman, ever bold ?
Egyptian, Persian, Ninevite,
Who each in turn did Israel smite ?
Their children's children who can tell ?

Yet is this true of Israel?
Is not that race of stubborn will
Distinct among the peoples still?
Though sundered far, is she not one
By traits and methods all her own?
Why, then, if those have disappeared,
Should she the least of all be spared?
If life to strength alone belong,
Why should the weak survive the strong?
When dangers threat and storms appall,
And great Dominions rise or fall,
Why should there be with each event,
A genius to command it sent?
Vain is the quest : for all we know,
Is that God sendeth Weal or Woe ;

That each is part of His design
To make the human the Divine ;
And so He kept this race despised,
That through it He might give the Christ.

* * * * *

ODE.

TO HIS MAJESTY UMBERTO I., KING
OF ITALY.

ODE
ON THE ENTRANCE OF THE ITALIAN
TROOPS INTO ROME, 1870.

WHERE oft the chariot wheels of old,
With captives in the conqu'rors' train,
To the high Capitol were rolled,
A Triumph is beheld again :
An exiled nation finds a home,
Once more within the walls of Rome.

And Thou, undying city, Thou,
Though oft enslaved, once more art free ;
Last jewel to adorn the brow
Of resurrected Italy ;

Thou lustre of her ages light,
Without thee all the land was night.

Such welcome to these heroes give,
As well befits thine old renown.

Honor the dead in those who live!

Thus let thy gratitude be shown ;
For when can we repay the debt,
We owe to them whose sun is set ?

Then let the royal feast be spread,
Up to the brim the wine-cups fill ;
First toasted be the Loyal Dead,
Who loved their land through good and ill ;
Who, in defeat, saw Freedom rise,
Like dawn upon the darkest skies.

Who saw the morn through thickest night,
And hailed with joy its faintest gleam ;
Who, when defeated, sought the fight,
That thus they might their loss redeem ;
Who fought and bled, who bled and died,
Their one regret, thy rights denied.

Now touch the wine-cups each to each,
Mingle the wine with glorious song ;
Thought blossomed into perfect speech,
To the brave only doth belong ;
Then let the bard, with soul of fire,
Hymn loud their virtues on his lyre.

First let him sing the Honest King,
The hero of Goito's fight ;

Who never did a knavish thing,
Nor e'er presumed upon his right ;
Who, kind in word and bold in deed,
So ruled that 'neath him thou wert freed.

Now pledge that grand prophetic Voice,
Whose call aroused thee from the grave ;
Now in his Name let all rejoice,
Oft saved to fight, who fought to save ;
And now let him remembered be,
Whose Mind conceived thy liberty.

Worthy were these of that bright hour,
When thou did'st hold the world in awe ;
When Greek abstraction turned to power,
And licence was restrained by law ;

When man averred, from licence faint,
That liberty implies restraint.

Such was thy day ; thy night hath gone,
Thy night, the rest of Europe's day ;
Another day doth on thee dawn,
Of kindlier, if less brilliant ray—
Long strange to thee, the voice of mirth
Proclaims an Empire come to birth,

Where Tully's matchless eloquence
All wrong denounced, and hate defied ;
Where Brutus stood in proud defence
That haughty Cæsar justly died ;
And where the slave, to manhood grown,
Long wore the philosophic crown.

Where caustic Juvenal did sing,
And witty Horace loved to stroll;
Where in his high imagining
The stately Virgil poured his soul;
Where Lesbia's lover's rhythmic tears
Bedew the eyes of all the years.

Pledge now the Land of such as these,
The first in love, though mentioned last;
May she be great in War or Peace,
Her future worthy of her past;
Long may her sons to earth unfold
The virtues of their sires of old!

Yes, not the glories of thy clime,
Thy cloudless skies and tideless sea;

Nor all the grandeur of that time

When all the world thou held'st in fee ;
Not these could make, that keep thee great,
Nor render thee inviolate.

Was 't not thy beauty lur'd afar

The Goth, the Vandal, and the Hun,
To devastate in soulless War

The triumphs that thine Arts had won ?
Not then in these, which have their hour ;
But in thine offspring lies thy power.

Teach then thy sons the sword to wield,

Yet War's red horrors to despise—
Is not the tillage of the field
The grandest of all victories,

Save that, the climax of control,
Self-subjugation of the soul?

Train them the chilly blast to bear,
To shield in love the lowly born,
To greatly think and bravely dare,
Nor honest poverty to scorn ;
To measure life by that its need,
As Truth from all time hath decreed.

So will their deeds thine annals grace,
As those of men, the pride of earth,
Who ne'er oppressed a weaker race,
Nor unrewarded left true worth ;
Who found their richest guerdon when
They served in love their fellow-men.

Nor heedless let thy daughters roam
Amongst the vanities of life ;
Train them to queen it in the home,
As Mother, Daughter, Sister, Wife ;
So shall each generation be
The bulwark of thy liberty.

Thus shall thy sons their sires inter,
And their own monument shall raise,
In that most glorious sepulchre—
Lives worthy of the ages' praise ;
And age to age shall thus supply
A heritage that cannot die.

Yes, when the fiery bolt is hurled,
Which waits but Heaven's divine decree,

To shiver into dust the world,
And make a storm of flame the sea,
Secure above the surges' roll
Will stand the firm and noble soul.

Then let thy sons be such as these—
Faithful of heart and strong of arm,
Right-minded, loving gentle Peace,
Yet unappalled by War's alarm ;
Then all shall love, and none shall fear,
A Land to all mankind so dear.

Exult ye happy warriors now !
Ye spirits of the 'parted brave,
The death-dewed laurels on your brow,
Advance from out your glorious grave ;
And let your mingled chorus be,
“ The Valiant ever shall be Free ! ”

TO POLAND.

TO POLAND, ON THE EXPULSION OF
THE POLES FROM EASTERN SILESIA.

WHY art thou of thyself afraid,

Thou, once possessed of Power ?

Why shrink'st thou at thy fettered shade,

Which Darkness doth devour ?

Why stand affrighted in thy chains ?

Is there no patriot soul remains

In this, thy darkest hour ?

Hast thou no noble hearts to bleed,

No mighty soul thy brave to lead ?

Time was when thou wert great and free ;

'T was when the Moslem fell

In that time-marking victory,
Which Europe knows full well.
What time the Crescent's waning light
Sank back, inglorious, into night,
Beclouded there to dwell,
Until that brilliant day arise,
Whose beam shall smite it from the skies.

* * * * *

In vain, then, dost thou plead for aid,
Thus shamefully oppressed ?
The hour shall come, though long delayed,
When thou shalt be at rest ;
Nor hounded as the sons of Crime,
From home to home, and clime to clime,
Unheeded when possessed ;

They whose misfortune 't is to be
Born with desires to set thee free.

Not always shall the tortuous guile
Of selfish lands succeed ;
Nor others stand aloof the while
They sate their jealous greed.
Nay, even now we hear afar
The murmurs of the threatening War,
Which surely shall proceed
From that armed Peace, than War more dear,
The last development of Fear.

* * * * *
* * * * *

Your rulers yet at least might give,
The little privilege to live.

* * * * *

TO —.

TO —.

(1888.)

SWEET Spirit of a happier clime
Beyond the chilly touch of Time,
Thou Princess of Love's luscious prime
 Her golden glory ;
Who, deigning to a mortal birth,
Inhabitest a form of earth
That we may know the Angels' worth,
 And *feel* their story.

For lo, thy life doth surely teach
To all who come within thy reach,

True woman, reticent of speech,
And sweetly crowned
With that unutterable Grace
Which, every hour in every place,
Doth banish evil from thy face,
And consecrate the ground,

That deathless Truth we only *feel*,
Which choicest words could ne'er reveal,
Nor lustful Error e'er conceal—

That Love is given,
True, undemonstrative, like thine,
By living contact to refine,
Until the human shows Divine,
And earth is Heaven.

EPIGRAMS.

SORROW.

RAIL not at Sorrow, Friend, for it may be

To man as needful as, to all things, Night :

Sorrow and Joy are each a mystery.

What would Life be if it were always Light?

TELESCOPE AND MICROSCOPE.

ANOTHER world was unto man revealed,
When first his mind these Structures did devise.
May it not be there still doth lie concealed
A grander world e'en from his aided eyes?

THE DISCIPLINE OF SUFFERING.

“ THE Discipline of Suffering ” : Why desire

Its swift extinction as a grievous wrong ;

When, lo, 't is Suffering wrings from out the lyre

Soul-touching Music of Undying Song ?

THE HOME OF LONGFELLOW.

'T WAS here a Poet entered into Life :

Another Glory rests upon the Trees,

The Earth is fairer and the Sky more clear ;

The very Air with loveliness is rife,

And melodies now float on every Breeze,

Because the Minstrel pure in heart lived here.

SONNETS.

THE CHRIST.

DESIRE of *all* the nations, can it be

Men knew Thee not, though Thou wert so
foretold,

That old Confucius prophesied of Thee,
And Virgil sang Thy glories manifold ?
Though the poor Hindu in his faith doth hold
Thy incarnation ; and the Persian's prayer
Is for the Prince of Light to crush Despair,
And scatter Darkness from the human fold ?

Old Egypt knew Thee as the Prince of Life ;
To Greeks Thou wert a living God, unknown ;
The Norseman hails Thee victor in that strife,
When his Walhalla shall be open thrown :
Since all men's thought with voice of Thee is
rife,
When will the nations know Thee as their
own ?

ON THE RECENT MASSACRES IN
ARMENIA, DECEMBER, 1895.

As the blind bard of old appealed to Thee,
O God Omnipotent, for those Thy saints
Slain in Piemonte, that their meek complaints
Might in Thy Book not unrecorded be ;
So now we offer at Thy throne a plea
For these Thy faithful who do wounded lie,
Starving and dying, and whose blood doth cry
For an avengement all mankind may see.

Speak, Lord, unto the nations, let them know

That sordid wealth to Thee is but as dust ;

That Man is more than all earth's treasured
gold ;

So will they coalesce to overthrow

The hateful Moslem, in whom none can trust,

And free Thy saints as they were freed of old.

IN HOC SIGNO VINCES.

IN this Sign conquer, conquer thou in this,
The sacrificial Cross ; for this shall be
The sign of conquest upon every sea,
And where in murd'rous hate the nations hiss,
And fill with slaughtered thousands the Abyss.
This shall bring Peace where is Perplexity ;
For where Love dwelt apart from Enmity,
Lo, this hath bridged the yawning precipice,

And, as this Sign hath never been withstood,

But floats triumphant after every strife,

And, meekly conqu'ring, then in love re-
lieves ;

So by the power of that same Victim's blood

The Crown of Thorns shall be the Tree of Life,

With healing for the nations in its leaves.

TO ENGLAND, JANUARY, 1896.

MEN threat thee, do they, England? Let them
know,

Thou seekest no man's hate, but all men's
love;

That thy designs are ever far above
The plots of those who fain would lay thee low.
Hast thou not lifted up each humbled foe,
Abolished sacrifice of babe and wife,
Made pure the home, extinguished tribal
strife?

Is it for this men seek thine overthrow?

There is a God of nations ; thou art His :

What sons of earth so numerous as thine

Tread the dark path His own loved Son hath
trod ?

If, then, our faith hath not been placed amiss,

Thy greatness is a part of His design,

Thou isolated Splendor, loved of God.

ACROSS THE BAR, OCTOBER 6, 1892.

MORN and the morning star, no longer Night ;

Her drowsy shadows, tinged with lucent gold,

Slowly receding, to thy soul unfold

The myriad splendors of the morning light,

The legions loyal of the Infinite ;

Hymning His praise in anthems manifold,

Who from the gates of death the barrier
rolled,

That souls might know this Vision of Delight.

One* cometh forth to greet thee ; it is he
Whose will was love, whose strength was gentleness,

Who sought the Kingdom as a child his
home ;

And that ye might in bliss together be
Beyond the Sunset, and the Night's distress,
Christ, through the shadows, whispered to
thee, " Come."

* Arthur Henry Hallam.

HOW LONG, O LORD?

ON THE PRESENT CONDITION OF A PORTION
OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

I.

“MAKE Thou of these stones bread,” the
Tempter cried ;

“Man’s life does not depend on bread alone,
But on God’s every word,” He thus replied,
Whose Cross on earth became in heaven a
Throne.

Now, in His name, priests sigh and chant and
drone,

And lo, the Bread of Life which He supplied,
Is to the starving multitude denied,
And they receive, instead of it, a stone.

Is this Thy Church, O Christ? Is this the
dower

Thy sacrifice procured for human kind,

To elevate its standard hour by hour,

To nourish its divinity of mind?

Are these Thy ministers, Thou God of power?

Lord, are they not the very fools and blind?

II.

FOR Thou wert of the people : it was Thee
Who shrank not from the harlot ; Who did
seek

The publicans despised, and Who did speak
A language that could comprehended be.

Thou called'st the busy fishers from the sea
To be disciples, and Thy accents meek

Did soothe the suffering and sustain the weak,
And win obedience to Thy " Follow Me."

Now these men in Thy name the people drive,
The rich they flatter and the poor oppress,

From them, not to them, lo, the people
throng;

And they whose faith in Thee can scarce sur-
vive

This dreadful mockery, cry in deep distress,

“How long shall these things be, O Lord,
how long?”

IN MEMORIAM.

(HENRY HOWARD HOUSTON.)

THE poor, the sick, the maimed, the halt, the
blind,

The fatherless and widowed, the distressed

In body or estate, and those oppressed

With burdens that impair the growth of mind,

Remembering thy words and actions kind,

Now thou hast passed where weariness hath
rest,

In gratitude arise and call thee blessed,

And name thee with the noblest of mankind.

Nor was the purple thine, nor pride of birth,
Nor place of power, nor gift of song which
 stirred

 A nation's heart : no, it was thine to plod
To recognition of thy sovereign worth,
Only by generous deed and kindly word,
 Just dealer, Mercy lover, Man of God.

ON ENTERING WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THIS, then, is mighty England's resting-place
For those who make her mighty: here are fed
Those souls that hunger for the ampler grace
Of great example, to be higher led.

Enter this sepulchre with reverent tread,
And let the gloom, which is its loveliness,
All thoughts, save those divine, in thee re-
press,

Where, eloquent of deed, repose the dead.

Where melodies divine have frequent birth,
Soothing the stricken soul that lingers nigh,
And quick'ning energies as yet unborn ;
Raised by those heavenly habitants of earth,
The dream-apparelled sons of Poesy,
Their garments radiant with the hues of
Morn.

TO MY WIFE.

HAD I a seraph's harp, and were I placed
Where I could hear their symphonies divine,
Were my poor tongue with heavenly accents
graced,
And all the glories of a seraph mine;
Then might I sing that beauty which is thine.
But since no words thy beauty can express,
Nor any skill to canvas e'er consign
The magic of thy nameless loveliness,

I simply name thee ; not by that sweet name
Men know thee by, but that by which thou art
Soul of my soul, my very life of life ;
Whose guileless love is more to me than Fame,
More than a throne thy eminence of heart,
Thou choicest of all treasures, yes, My Wife.

To
EDWARD WALDEN,
A Just Man,
Whose Paternal Solitude
and
Affectionate Regard
Have been to me,
The One, an Incentive to Goodness,
and
The Other, a Restraining Influence,
This Fragment
Is Lovingly Inscribed.

ATHALI:
A FRAGMENTARY TRAGEDY.

ATHALI :

A FRAGMENTARY TRAGEDY.

CHORUS OF JEWISH WOMEN AFTER THE CAP-
TURE OF THE CITY.

SCENE.—*The ruined walls of Jerusalem.*

I.

VAIN is thy struggle to be free !

Prostrate beneath the conqueror's sword,
Thy day of woe must lengthened be,
Unhappy with thy foreign lord ;
Long by his own and thee abhorred.

Alas ! 't is not thy sum of grief to know
Thou still art subject to the insulting foe ;
 A deeper, deadlier grief is thine :
 Polluted is thy Holy Shrine ;
Thy children here behold in chains
 To foreign clime thus captive taken ;
Nor Heaven with thy distressful cries assail,
Thy foes against thee shall prevail
Whilst this idolatry remains,
 Unhappy Zion, God-forsaken !
Hushed is thy song of gladness now,
And sere the olive-wreath which thou
 Did'st weave to crown thy foes' defeat ;
Standing with guilt and shame oppressed,
Siloam's lily withered on thy breast,
 Thine idols shattered at thy feet.

II.

Long time thy power the foe defied,

Increasing thus thy guilty pride,

Which incensed more the wrath of Heaven ;

Again thy legions met the foe,

Who triumphed in their overthrow,

Thy mighty hosts were backward driven.

Then wildly rose the dreadful cry—

“ Fly, ye of fallen Zion, fly ! ”

Some to thy Temple then repair

Deeming to dwell securely there,

Some, fearful of the pending doom

Leapt from the rocks and found a tomb

In Hinnom’s vale : all scorned to fly,

Preferring with thy pride to die ;

Defiant of the ruthless foe :

Thine anguish then what tongue can tell,
When Darkness veiled the mountain's brow
Where Light's last arrow fell.

* * * * *

SCENE.—*A room in the palace—Enter King,
finding the body of his Daughter.*

King: Ha ha, my curse fulfilled! Let's see,
let's see!

Dead, thou art dead! Gone peacefully to
sleep!

Dost sleep, my child? Beat not so loud, my
heart,

Lest the quick throbbings of thy fretting life
Should strangely rouse her from this strange
repose

Which bears of death the semblance. Sleep'st,
my child,

Out-wearied with thy lengthy watchfulness
In thy anxiety to serve the vile,
Who have so sullied thy white innocence,
That they have turned thy heavenly love to hate
And lodged the poison here? (*Points to his*
heart.) Of that forgiv'n,

Thus will I take thee up into mine arms
And hug thee into being. (*Takes up the body.*)
Stiff and chill !

Cold, cold, thou 'rt now, my girl, even as thy
love ;

Or did my sense perverse mistake thee so
And wrong thy sweet affection? (*Kisses her.*)

O thou fool,

Who would'st bestow that love upon the dead
Which thou denied'st the living !

* * * * *

SCENE.—*A room in the palace—Athali alone*
(noise within).

Athali : 'T is late ; I must excuse my being
here.

Who 's there ? My woman Miriam ?

Miriam : Please you, madam.

Athali : Bring me a light, for I would read
awhile.

(Exit Miriam, returning with a light.)

What is the hour ?

Miriam : Approaching midnight, madam.

Athali : Then get thee to thy rest ; I cannot
sleep.

Miriam : What ails my mistress?

Athali : But a passing pain,

I will be well anon. (*Exit Miriam.*) Ah,
yes, "Anon!"

What width of meaning lies within that word,
That this my maid interprets it "Straightway,"
And I "A Lifetime." For can it come to
pass,

That this vile deed wherewith my soul is
stained,

Shall flee my conscience while I am alive?

Is there on earth a fount whose waters cleanse
The victim's blood from the foul murd'rer's
hand?

Then let me like the leprous Canaanite

Wash in it and be clean! O yes, let me

To whom returning Day brings but remorse,
And Night a weariness that knows not rest,
Be free from this foul stain. How can it be
That man whose happiness depends on good
Should be so prone to evil? Why should I,
Enthroned in the affections of the King,
Lend e'en mine ear to this sad enterprise
Which aims at his destruction and his babes'?
Of what was I in need? Of raiment, food;
Of pleasures soft to cancel all the time
While Day doth drag himself across the sky;
Of cosy chambers wherein pleasing things
Should soothe me first and then make sweet
 my rest?
Was I in need of these? O no, no, no!
Yet all these things of which I am possessed

Are by this deed denuded of their charm,
And now I am a murd'ress ! What 's the noise ?

* * * * *

SCENE.—*A room in the palace—(King soliloquizing when Athali enters).*

* * * * *

King : How now ?

Athali : My lord.

King : Hence, get thee gone !

Athali : Is my lord indisposed ?

King : To have a miserable wretch like thee
Intruding thus upon him. What art thou ?

Athali : One who doth come to soothe thee.

King : Take thy balm

Where fools do bear affliction. Can'st thou
cure

A wound great Nature's self can never heal?

Athali: What mighty evil this that thus
afflicts thee?

King: Rouse not my anger more, 't is full
already,

Deceived too oft with semblances of love ;
And yet I will not chide thee. O, sweet child,
Though I am but the shadow of myself,
I know thou art my daughter ; come, then,
come,

I'll greet thee as the loving pelican
Whose blood sustains her brood. I love thee
so,

That I will yield my life into thy hands,

If it will bless thee. Will it bless thee, child?

Athali: I'm not your daughter, sir.

King: Who art thou then,

That thus subdu'st my most beseeching rage

And fill'st me with compassion? Not my child?

Then Heaven protect me from mine enemies!

Feeble, despised, a prey to sudden fears,

I lose my path through this deceitful world,

Not knowing mine own children. Dost thou
weep?

What, can my woes afflict an alien thus

And not affect mine own? I am not mad,

In sooth I am not ; would that I had been !

For Madness knows not of its own disease,

Feels not the pinch of Care, remembers not

The ties of nature, e'en to very Love

Which oft engenders it ; knows not the hour,
And gazes wildly into vacancy
Communing with its charm ; but thou hast
 life,
And though I did mistake thee for mine own,
It argues not my madness.

* * * * *

SCENE.—*The plains of Shinar—Group of shepherds.*

Shepherd : Now languid Day creeps to his
 western cave,
Gathering his glories on the distant hills
From the far corners of the dark'ning earth ;
Cloudless the broad expanse of heaven's serene
Thus deep'ning into beauty ; the rich light

Whose flooded glory filled the western sky
Hath ebb'd into a shadow, where appears
Night's harbinger who bringeth all things rest ;
All, save to watchful shepherds who must keep
Their nightly vigils lest the beast of prey
Should ravin 'mongst their flocks.

* * * * *

SCENE.—*A prison—(Athali, alone).*

*Athali (Drawing a dagger from the folds
of her dress):*

Thou art unlike a crown ; and yet thou art
To me who did aspire a crown to wear
The only ensign now of sovereignty ;
And I will wear thee, not upon my brow
As monarchs wear their jewelled diadems
To trumpet to the world their royalty,

But here within my heart. (*Points to her heart.*) Yes, that shall be
Thy sheath, and thou my crown.

* * * * *

The star-like meteors of Ambition's heaven
Shine brightest ere they fall! Its fixed stars,
Sustained in proud meridian by a breath,
Withstand the tumult of the passing storm,
Shining the same for ever!

* * * * *

* * * * *

How dignified is sweet Humility!
Wearing the crown she knows not, while she
 sways
An unseen sceptre o'er a tranquil world.

* * * * *

FRAGMENTS OF POEMS WRITTEN
DURING BOYHOOD.

AD LEONES.

(TO THE LIONS.)

“BRING forth the Gladiators!” Hark the cry,
“Unbar those dungeon gates and let them
free!”

“Free! Are they free who come in chains to
die,

Torn by the beasts in brutal savagery?”

“What is their crime?” “Nay, hush, the
busy hum,

The hideous acclamations—lo, they come!”

How strangely life is represented there !

The aged sire, his winters on his breast ;
The stately matron, head and bosom bare ;
The daughter whom, as babe, she oft caressed ;
Who holds close nestled in her snowy arms,
Her little child, unconscious of alarms.

Greek and Barbarian, Roman, Scythian, Jew,
Cyrenian swarthy, men of Cretan blood,
Attest in this sad hour their pledge was true—
To live and die in loving brotherhood.

*

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THE NIGHT BEFORE PULTAVA.

'T WAS midnight, and the warrior king,
With weighty cares oppressed,
Sank on his lowly couch to snatch
Whate'er he could of rest.

* * * * *

Now, Anguish sits upon his brow,
Again, 't is calm and free,
As dreams he of the coming fight
Whose end is victory.

* * * * *

He hears the cannon thunder,
The dying warrior shriek ;
A strange joy lights his countenance
Whilst pallid grows his cheek ;
For he dreads the ghastly slaughter
Of the noble and the brave :
Young warriors from a bridal feast
Brought forth to fill a grave ;
Old men whose heads are hoary,
Whose arms are still as young
As when upon Landskrona's field
Their heavy swords they swung.

* * * * *

THE TROUBADOUR,

A Legend of The Rhine.

“ O WHERE is the daughter as lovely as mine !

Behold her, ye gallants ; if any, proclaim.

Come, drink to her pleasure these goblets of
wine,

And let my dominion resound with her
fame.

Now fill high your cups, for this night shall
decide

The bravest her bridegroom, my daughter a
bride.”

So spake the old Chief while below him were
seated

His valiant retainers ; beside him, his peers.

* * * * *

* * * * *

“ Would’st thou disobey me ! Then go to thy
rest ! ”

And seizing the dagger which hung by his
side,

He raised it to plunge the cold steel in the
breast

Of the child he had thought to adorn as a
bride ;

But a stronger than he caught his arm as it
fell,

And thus saved his soul from the nethermost
hell.

* * * * *

* * * * *

The tempest roars louder, the lightnings fly,
And, shattering the darkness, the sea they
illuminate ;

The billows below and the thunders on high
Commingle in tumult and darken the gloom ;
While the King of the Storm on the wings of
the blast

Triumphantly rides, rides triumphantly past.

* * * * *

A BALLAD OF FREEDOM.

A KING it was of stalwart form
That was laid there to die ;
Death came as 't were a raging storm
On Life's last agony ;
High rolled the bloody waves of Guilt,
Dyed with the blood that he had spilt,
Around his stately bed ;
While Darkness held her mouldering torch
Triumphant in that lofty porch,
To light him to the dead.

A victim of the assassin's knife

* * * * *

The Author desires to say in explanation of the fragmentary character of some of the poems in this volume, that his verses are simply representative of the stray thoughts of a busy young man.

Philadelphia, October, 1896.



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